

The Illustrated Ramayana Poem

By Sheamin Khyeam 6B

The king, O the king is upset.
No child is for him to get.

The Gods had a meeting.
They have settled for Vishnu to go down defeating.

Children, O children say hello.
You're made by pudding or so called jello.

Rama, O Rama the king has decided it is you.
Now hurry and go to the throne meant for you.

Dasharata, O Dasharata you mustn't choose the king to be.
He isn't meant, but our Bharata will be.

You must leave now, we are sad.
We shall meet you after 14 long years have passed.

You must hurry, you must hurry!
Your father has passed away!

I am sorry, but I can't go back.
I must keep his word before I do go back.

Brothers, O my mighty brothers punish Rama for me.
He has rejected me which also broken the heart in me.

Help him, O help him quick! Go, go!
Rama is yelling! No time to waste! You must go!

O hello there beautiful young lady...
Aren't you going to make your offering for this lovely day?

O no! Help me Rama! Save me!
Sad, so sad... I shall just wait until he will come for me.

Hanuman, the mighty monkey human! Please help me.
Save my dear wife! You can show this to know you are help for me.

O there you are! You shall come with me for I am with Rama.
No fright to be in, for your husband is Rama.

Now you shall be killed! How dare you do such thing!
For what you have done, you shall face a sting!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The glory is ours!
Now it is time to rule for beyond hours!



